

THE PROTESTANT DIVINE COMEDY UNHAPPY CONSCIOUSNESS



In his *the Anatomy of Ghost*¹, pastor Hegel betrays his so widely preached “Lutheranism” with no remorse at all. Hardly can a man – I mean, someone naturally educated in the XVIIIth century’s happy fooleries – accept, say I, what Luther judges to be the very Christian imperative: “It is demanded to cast away any presumptuous, false human notion of righteousness to kill that ferocious beast which inhabits deep inside man.” Having been besieged by this abhorrent internal monster since Adam’s fall onwards, Luther cannot by any means trust in the stupid naïveté of Aristotle, but to mourn his whole life as an unhappy soul. Does anyone feel free from this prosperous torment, so disdainfully rejected by pastor Hegel & Co.? If so, then his or her supposed Christianity lacks of the fuel for the redeeming pyre: The fire of that internal martyrdom known as contrition. To be an unhappy consciousness is the very seal of *Christian veracity*.

Having gone astray in more than one occasion in religious matters, the Official Iconographer of Lutherania renders us an equivocal icon: One cannot discern whether this angel is a blissful one or a malicious forgery.

Humbly,



your mean, base, useless servant,

Il signore Pecorelli, tuttologo e pittore molto rumoroso.

¹ By translating Hegel’s *Phänomenologie des Geistes* as *Phenomenology of Mind*, professor Baillie introduces Hegel to the public in a much more clear meaning, elusive as it is his translation though. Quite the contrary, my own translation as *the Anatomy of Ghost* is much more fitted to us, truthful and veracious modern readers. Questions? Doubts? Just call Jean Hyppolite.